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Hi-Jinks

25c



Jazz
from
Jay to Zee

Fun
on the
Half Shell

A Live-wire Book for Live Wires



OLIVE ANN ALCORN



Volume 1

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Editor and Publisher

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Guy F. Humphreys

Editor's Foreword

HI-JINKS—The King of Jazz and Jest—salutes you! We are living in an age of Jazz! Music, Art, Literature, Stage and Screen have side-tracked harmony and reason. Brass cymbals have supplanted the lute. Modesty peeks through gauze.

In launching a new magazine we fain would write of love and truth, of chivalry and modesty, but a publication of that sort would have about as much chance as a caterpillar on a bed of hot-coals.

But at that, we're going to give you something different in "Hi-Jinks." If you are looking for downright rot and filth, you will not find it here. We will leave that field entirely to the editors who apparently love to wallow. We have watched the flood of pocket-size magazines which have amounted to almost a deluge in the past few months, and we have decided that not one of them have produced what the average person is looking and longing for—except in size. The small magazine—that will slip conveniently into the pocket or handbag—is naturally popular. It can be read on the street-car or in the subway without jabbing your neighbor in the ear. You know it doesn't contain a lot of "continued" fiction and bunk advertising. You want something light and breezy—something snappy and happy—to read in your half-hour on the way to work in the morning, or to chase away the business wrinkles on the way home to your family after a day at the office. Thus you have grabbed for every new magazine that has appeared on the news-stands, and the fool publishers think because their first few issues sell big, that the general public is fairly crying for smut—for that is what the editors of the bulk of these small magazines vie with each other in dealing out. Dirt, just for dirt's sake, doesn't appeal to any normal person even in this age of Jazz. And yet the prude and the Puritan have become as scarce as harmony and art. By this we mean that the average healthy, normal person has kept abreast of the times without becoming immoral; the risqué story, the pointed pun, or jibe or jest—that would have given the followers of Old Anthony Comstock the shivers a few years ago—are popular now because of the trend of the times. A good

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story with a kick in it, a pun with a punch in it, a jibe with a jab in it—won't harm anyone. And in this age of happy, carefree, slam-bang Jazz—where we are born in a hurry, live by electricity and die with scientific expedition—where excitement and fast living have become the tonic of life—wherein every last one of us seems to want to enjoy to the fullest every single minute we can steal away from our work—the "bootlegger" has come into his own. Not only in the peddling of brain-deadening, poisonous liquor, but in the peddling of filthy and poisonous literature as well. All too many editors abuse the publication privilege that has come with the Jazz age. They mistake the liberality of the public mind. The average person doesn't want dirt any more than he wants poison liquor. He calls for wine and the bootlegger substitutes deadly booze; he asks for jazz and jest and jibe and the literary bootlegger feeds him rot and filth and dirt. And it is because of this same filthiness that characterizes the recent flood of pocket-size magazines that we have entered the field, honestly believing that there is a place for "Hi-Jinks" as broad and smooth as a paved highway. For we are going to give you stories with a sting, humor with a hum, and satire of the latest balloon type. The sun may shine into a cesspool without polluting its beautiful rays. By the same token a cat that can only purr and can't scratch wouldn't be any cat at all. We're not going to feed you any distilled water or skimmed milk. We're going to hand you a magazine with a kick of one-hundred proof corn-juice. But it won't poison you! All we ask is that you compare "Hi-Jinks" with any other pocket-size magazine on the news-stands and we know you'll reach for the next number with a feeling that you're going to have an hour of rich enjoyment.

THE EDITOR.

Hi-Jinks is a smokeless powder magazine edited with a lucifer.



Dorothy's Carbuncle

THE day was cold and dark and dreary—in Beantown; it was one of those days when everybody is blue and according to Dorothy McCool that is the exact color that augmented the portion of her anatomy which struck the cobblestone pavement as she attempted to alight from a street car one day in the early spring. Dorothy is one of those plump, pretty little bodies, and according to her lawyer it is nothing short of a shame that she was bumped so vigorously and her fair skin bruised and discolored.

The story begins with Dorothy's attempt to detrain from a tram-car. The rain had turned to sleet and the cobblestone pavement of the old city street had become glassy and treacherous. The motorman must have been beastly careless for just as Dorothy attempted to land from the steps of the car—according to a newsboy who was an eye-full witness to the tragedy—"de guy in de frunt end pumped de power intoer"—meaning the car, of course. Dorothy lost her equilibrium, her dainty feet went into the air and she sat down kerbump with a force which put a dent in—oh, no, not the cobblestones but—in Dorothy's plump anatomy. Writhing in pain she was assisted to her feet by a gallant but thoughtless young man who asked her where she was hurt. With a slap and "Oh you rude thing" Kitty limped away with her hand where dad used to carry his plug tobacco. The aforesaid young man couldn't understand why Dorothy was so inappreciative until he was summoned as a witness in court when the street-car company had to defend its own end of the action brought by the young lady.

According to the story as told in the complaint, when Dorothy arrived home she disrobed before a mirror. Oh what an—what an awful sight! She had a beaut of a stone-bruise right there! The reader will have to imagine the fair witness indicating the spot. But you should have seen it—if it was anything like she said it was. The next day it was so bad she called a physician, who, after looking over the sit-uation, decided that it was

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a very serious bruise and that it was liable to disfigure the fair sufferer permanently. Mercy, Dorothy was almost beside herself with the thought of the terrible scar that might result. In fact the injury grew in magnitude when the physician announced that it would have to be dressed and undressed twice a day for three or four weeks, and he, being young and ambitious and anxious to establish a reputation, was naturally very attentive to the case.

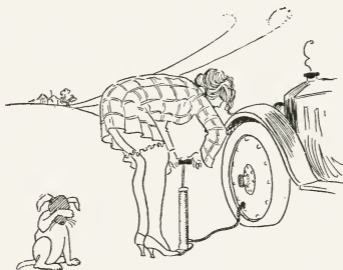
After exhibiting her injury to a number of friends, Dorothy was urged by them to start suit against the car company for damages, which she finally decided to do, placing her disfigurement at a \$10,000 figure. Dorothy must be constituted of particularly expensive material, for the carbuncle really wasn't any bigger 'round than that.

The next fellow to get his hands on the case was a lawyer. At first both he and Dorothy were rather shy, but the lawyer felt his way along until they both got over their bashfulness, and then they talked freely and got at the salient point. He finally convinced her that he must have her whole confidence and that she would be required to produce all her evidence in order that he might determine whether she had sufficient basis for action. Dorothy sat down hard at first, but she jumped up with a cry of pain and agreed that the street car company should suffer as she had suffered, and the carbuncle will go in evidence.

In the meantime there is a rush of eligibles to jury duty who are anxious to sit on the carbuncle case, while poor Dorothy, during her waking hours, either sits on the edge of things or just stands around wondering if Justice will mete out her end.

We sincerely hope that Dorothy will get something out of her carbuncle besides pain, and that in the end she will get Justice.

Beauty is only skin deep—but fashion is making it knee-deep.



FLAT TIRE FILOSOFY

A reckless driver is seldom wreck-less.

* * * *

If you say it with brakes—the flowers won't be needed.

* * * *

The girl who eats onions doesn't need to wear bumpers.

* * * *

It's getting as hard to find sparking space in the country
as parking place in town.

* * * *

Just about the time you think you know how to run an
auto, some traffic cop will insist on telling you how.

* * * *

The fellow who is always boasting that he can bring his
car to a dead stop, usually proves it at a railway crossing.

* * * *

One way to reach your goal is to put your shoulder to
the wheel, and the other is to wait till someone comes along
and pulls you out.



"BLACK BUTTERFLIES"
(Story on opposite page.)

“Black Butterflies”

BACK in the hectic days of 1917 we made many a “Four Minute” speech telling of the moral debt we owed to “Bleeding France.” And we meant it. The mothers of more than 60,000 American boys are listed as Gold Star Mothers because America listened to the appeal for “Bleeding France” and the “moral” debt we owed her.

Today, France is the thorn in the proud flesh of all Europe and the British Isles. This is the same France that scoffs at her war debt to America—the same France that keeps a standing army of over 700,000 trained men in the field. It is this same “Bleeding France” who sent her hordes of niggers into the Rhineland to ravish an old white civilization.

Hi-Jinks reproduces on the opposite page, the cover illustration of a late issue of “*La Vie Parisienne*,” a French magazine that is generally circulated in America. This vicious painting was in natural colors (black and red and flesh tints) and spread over the entire cover of the publication which was flaunted brazenly in the face of American news-stand patrons. It was entitled “*Papillons Noir*,” which, translated, means “Black Butterflies.” It reflects in full measure the mentality and morality of the French nation, and considering the laxness of her moral code, it is not surprising that France has sneered at every suggestion of the allies that she at least pay interest on her huge war obligations—so long as we were high-minded enough to pay rent for the very trenches we occupied in defense of “Bleeding France.”

In France, the negro, just removed a few generations from the jungle beast, is considered in every term of equality with the French people. It was not a great while ago that several American boys were forcibly ejected from a Parisienne Cafe because they protested against the presence of a squad of thick-lipped, smelly buck niggers at a nearby table. The newspapers next day carried lengthy editorials condemning the action of the Americans, and lauding the niggers to the high heavens “as equals.”

There are spots in America—thank God—where the vendor of this American edition of *La Vie Parisienne*—showing two buck

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niggers and the little white girl under the title of "Black Butterflies" would cause a riot of bloodshed. And the nasty colored prints which make up the remainder of the magazine (which, by the way, some of our American publishers are attempting to imitate) would cause any honest father to feed a few handfuls of buckshot into his gun and go hunting for the fellow who circulated it, did he chance to find a copy in his home.

It is our fervent hope that the flapper—the white girl—shown between these two buck niggers was a French spawned grissette, but it is not likely. It was intended, to all appearances, for an American flapper.

And 60,000 Gold Star Mothers cry out against France for the manner in which she shows her appreciation of our physical payment of our "moral" debt to her.



Here's to My Girl! She's mine! All mine!
She drinks! Ah, she drinks both moon and wine!
She bets and she pets and she smokes cigarettes!
And by gawd I've been told she sometimes forgets
She is mine—all mine!

Designers are now working on what will be known as the "Parachute Skirt." The garment will undoubtedly be very popular with the girl who has been in the habit of walking back from automobile rides—after flivvers have been supplanted by airplanes.



The Ugly Duckling

The mother duck looked at her son

And arched a scornful frown;

"My son," said she, "I am ashamed

"To note your pants are down!"

* * *

Not Catching

Kitty—Come in and see our new baby."

Teacher—"Thank you; but I will wait until your mother is better."

Kitty — "You needn't be afraid. It's not catching."

Promiscuous

His Steno—"George's mustache makes me laugh."

My Steno—"It tickled me, too."

* * *

Different

"Yeah, Jones is in bad a'-right, a'right. His wife found a typewriter ribbon in his pocket that he had bought to take to the office."

"Gee! What's that to get mad about?"

"Well, I dunno; this ribbon was forty-five inches long, five inches wide and made o' satin and she's seen his typewriter."

* * *

Confidence

Mae—"He simply worships her."

Rae—"I'll say he does. Why, he thinks that the parrot taught her to swear."

One of the duckiest songs we have heard for some time is "Waddle I Do? Waddle I Do?"

Chicago's Unknown Mother

AMERICA has its "Unknown Soldier" and his sepulchre is the shrine of millions who in some measure have felt the hurt of war's inhumanity. Chicago has built a sepulchre to its "Unknown Mother," and that it will become the shrine of many in the crowding years is a foregone conclusion.

A few weeks ago an old lady, silver-haired and faltering of step, attempted to cross Garfield Boulevard at Wabash Avenue. A heavily loaded truck thundered along the street, there was a stream of traffic in all directions and the old lady became bewildered and stepped in the path of the truck. Her crushed body was taken to the Lying-in Hospital and there, without regaining consciousness, "Somebody's Mother" answered the beckoning finger of death. No one knew who she was; thousands viewed the still, white face in the morgue in an effort to establish her identity, and then passed on with an ache in their hearts. A workman from Villa Grove spent his "afternoon off" studying the features of the sweet old face.

"She looks something like a Mrs. Hannah Jacobs who ran a rooming house at Western Avenue and Roosevelt Road nine years ago," he said, "but I'm not sure. Mrs. Jacobs had one boy and the last I heard he was in the navy."

However, this humble workman inspired the thought that perhaps the stranger did have a boy who had given life's supreme sacrifice to his flag, and so the Gold Star Mothers of Chicago took charge of the burial of this unknown woman and the great city unofficially accepted her as Chicago's "Unknown Mother." Thousands attended the last rites, and the gray plush casket was buried in a mountain of gorgeous blooms. John Steel and Ruth Thomas, of the Music Box Revue, sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Face to Face" and as their voices broke in unconcealed sorrow for an unknown mother thousands of others, from all walks of life, looked through tears at the casket that held the last mortal remains of "Somebody's Mother," unknown but not unmourned.

A few days before the funeral Station KYW sent out a call in the hope of finding someone who might identify her, and though hundreds responded—everyone passed by and wended

their way out of the mortuary. But the following afternoon a "Gold Coast" society matron drove up to the undertaking establishment in her foreign-made limousine to ask permission to send flowers.

"I had a mother once," she told the proprietor, "and last night when I tuned in on KYW and heard about this unknown one, I decided I wanted to do something. Would they mind, do you suppose, if I put some flowers on her grave next Thursday? If my own mother could know—I know she would be so pleased."

Great wreaths, pillows, crosses and sprays from some of the leading personages of Chicago, were piled against the gray plush casket; many of the leading theatrical people in the city sent flowers; politicians, whose influence is as great in the national capitol as in Chicago, sent floral offerings—and attended the services. But the two offerings which were given preference were humble in substance but they were great for what they expressed. One was a mere sheaf of white flowers, laid on the casket by a human derelict; the other was a handful of red carnations that bore a tiny card: "From Somebody's Son to Somebody's Mother."

Cities are cruel piles of brick and brown stone—sometimes. The dreamer at the gates oftimes finds the spirit of the city much like a monster that leers, scoffs and sneers at his dreams. It taunts him, dares him to surmount the common obstacles of hectic life, and laughs at his effort until he has come into his own—and then the city bows at his feet and acclaims him as its duly begotten son. But there are hours recorded in the glass of time when the spirit of the great city has come forth in the humble robes of humanity, revealing a tenderness of heart the vilest cynic in the scornors' seat can not—and does not—question.

This is the season of the year when a woman would sooner have a hat with one wing on it, than be an angel with two.



SWEET ALICE UP-TO-DATE

Oh don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
That's her with the open-work hose—
And the henna-red hair that the scissors have snipped
And the waist that hides less than it shows.

There's a little rosette on each garter, Ben Bolt,
And her skirt doesn't hide 'em—Gee Whiz!
It's hard to believe of sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
But nevertheless, there she is.

—Allan Reid.

The Motorist's Child

Mother—"Dorothy, you have disobeyed mother by racing around and making all that noise. Now you shan't have that piece of candy."

Father (entering a few minutes later)—"Why so quiet, little one?"

Dorothy—"I've been fined for speedin'."

Teacher (to Scandinavian pupil)—"Ole, can you name some of the kings who have ruled England?"

Ole—"Henry I."

Teacher—"Yes."

Ole—"Henry II."

Teacher—"Yes."

Ole—"Henry III."

Teacher—"Yes. Who else?"

Ole—"Val, ay tank Henry Ford ban last."



THE FIRST ESQUIMO PIE

The Season's Best Fish Story

The other day a game warden happened along where a colored man was fishing. Of course the bass season wasn't open, and the warden was looking over the strings of pike, pickerel and sunfish. "Any luck," queried the warden? "Not bitin' very good, sah," replied Mose, as he pulled up his string of "legal" fish for the warden's inspection. About this time the warden noticed a string tied to a pier of the dock, close to the water-line; just out of curiosity he reached down and pulled in the string. A fine big four-pound bass was on the other end of it. "How about it, Mose," asked the warden? "Well, you see boss," said Mose, "that thar big bass kept grabbin' my worms as fas' as I t'rowed in de line, so I jest tied him up thar to keep him away from mah hook till I gets troo, dat's the absoloot truth, boss!"



Whatever troubles Adam had
He laid them down at Eve;
And every morn, when he awoke
He turned over a new leave.

He Played the Game

LITTLE ABE" HARTMAN, rum-runner and denizen of the underworld of Syracuse, New York, returned to his home the other day, but not as he was wont to return in the days when he lived by his wits alone. In those days he sought the unfrequented side streets; he ventured forth under cover of darkness in a high-powered car that challenged the hand, and marksmanship, of prohibition enforcement officers. "Little Abe" was hunted by the minions of the law; he was cordially hated by the sleuths whose cunning could not compete with the cunning of the little hunch-back.

"Little Abe" came home from his last foray in the border country of the North in a plain pine box furnished by his friends of the underworld. His body was taken to the little Jewish chapel at 617 Montgomery Street and there a venerable rabbi conducted the last rites. And while hundreds of friends passed by the casket that held the mortal clay of an outlaw, a victim of his own personal code of living, a grand jury was bringing an indictment against his life-long pal and fellow scowder, Larry Clickner, held in the Franklin County jail as a participant in the affair that claimed the life of the little hunch-back. But if Larry Clickner is convicted of murder it will be without the assistance of anything "Little Abe" ever said or caused to be recorded—and only the direct testimony of "Little Abe" could seal the doom of Larry Clickner.

According to the story pieced together by the officials of Franklin County, Hartman, Clickner and three other men spent several hours prior to the tragedy at the home of one Edward Disotelle at the edge of Malone. They had been drinking heavily and when the party finally broke up toward morning the gang separated, Hartman going in one car and Clickner in another. Clickner pulled a gun and commenced shooting, one of the bullets crashing through the rear window of Hartman's car and shattered his skull. The car was ditched and "Little Abe" was found, dying under it, a few hours later. He had been shot from behind and left to die alone.

The dying man was rushed to the Alice Hyde Memorial Hospital at Malone where the physicians made a gallant effort to save

his life. They told him he had to die, that there was no chance and that he had just a few hours to live at the most. When the police officers learned this fact they rushed to the hospital in the vain hope that "Little Abe" would "squeal" and make a statement incriminating Clickner. The hospital authorities urged him to reveal the identity of his assailant in order that the law might exact a reckoning—a reprisal, if you please. But they had not reckoned the code of life "Little Abe" had adopted years ago when he found that his twisted body barred him from competing with his fellows in the struggle for existence, and that he would have to live by his wits.

Writhing in a hell of pain that racked his deformed body, "Little Abe" Hartman lived a full week, constantly haunted by officers and stenographers who waited for the moment when pain and agony would wrest a statement from the fevered lips of a man they hated. Urged by the state's attorney to make a charge "Little Abe" smiled cynically and said, "It don't matter. Nobody gives a damn whether I live or die. If I get out of this—I'll attend to my own business. If I don't—I'll leave no squeal behind me. What's the difference?" A few minutes before he passed over the borderland of eternity he turned to one of his old pals, tears streaming down his cheeks as he fumbled to take the hand of one he trusted. "Tell Click not to worry," he said. A moment later he was dead, his lips forever sealed against the accusation the district attorney had begged him to utter.

We hold no brief for "Little Abe" Hartman and his ilk, nor would we in any wise attempt to laud him as a hero as many are wont to do when sentiment runs riot. We only lament the fact that his fine courage and sportsmanship was not exercised in a legitimate field of human endeavor. A pity that an outlaw of all men should demonstrate stinging contempt for that unpunishable sin first committed under the morning stars o'er Gethsemane when Judas Iscariot "squealed" and for thirty filthy pieces of silver betrayed his Master into the hands of those who sought to kill Him. Next to the scandal monger and the writer of anonymous letters there is no other human creature against whom no laws are writ more detestable than the "snitch," the "stool pigeon" and the "squealer." They lack every human attribute that is based on honor, integrity and loyalty, and they would sell their own souls for a handful of silver if anyone cared to buy them.

But after all is said and done for "Little Abe" Hartman, perhaps his vice was but a perverted virtue that went astray when he

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realized his own physical inadequacy to survive in the struggle for the necessities of life. Born with a twisted body, reared in the stagnant underworld, his first playmates mere alley rats, shunned for his deformity and damned to a life of tortuous existence, Hartman accepted the easy (?) way and sought to eke out a living in matching his keen wits with the machinery of the law. No doubt he died with the consciousness that he had beaten the law and that no "harness bull" could claim a desk job or wear a medal for having bagged him. Be that as it may—"Little Abe" went to his Maker without a whimper.

He lived the code of the underworld, and by that code—he died!



It was "Salome" that made Oscar Wilde.



"Your husband seems a very brilliant man. He must know everything."

"Don't fool yourself, old dear. He doesn't even suspect anything."

What Father Thought

Nurse (to chambermaid) —
"Baby's got her mamma's complexion, sure."

Father (from next room) —
"Nurse, are you letting that child play with those paints?"

* * *

Keep It Dark

"A police dog! He looks like a poodle."

"S-s-s-h! Secret police dog. He's disguised."

The Wise Generation

Teacher—"We are going to talk on wading birds. Of course the stork is one—what are you laughing at, Elsie?"

Little Elsie — "Oh, but teacher—the idea of there being any storks!"

* * *

"Gentlemen, you may be sheeted," said the Exalted Cyclops as the faithful ones stood at attention, awaiting further orders.

The Hell In Hello

IT WOULD be difficult to name the greatest modern convenience, but among the many that suggest themselves, the telephone comes close to first consideration. One does not of necessity have to read the advertisements of the Bell Telephone monopoly to appreciate the fact that the telephone meets a thousand daily needs. It has annihilated space, conserved valuable time and linked coast to coast. Prior to the development of the radio it would be extremely difficult to offer a solution to the problem that would present itself should every telephone line become out of order at the self-same time.

It is a wonderful thing, and yet, did you ever stop to consider the fact that it is a devilish agency that has no counterpart? To illustrate:

He was tall and slim and wore his clothes like a Hart, Schaffner & Marx model. In his button hole he wore a white gardenia, and carried a cane with good grace and without any show of self-consciousness. He walked to a telephone, lifted the transmitter, and said:

"Give me Kirkwood three-four-six-eight, please."

"Hello! Who is this? Oh, I beg your pardon—wrong number." Then he turned away to kid the girl at the cigar counter. An hour later he approached the 'phone again.

"Kirkwood three-four-six-eight, please."

"Oh, hello dear. I'm down at the Metropole. Tried to get you an hour ago, but he was there. Yes.....I told him I had the wrong number. Ha, ha.....yes. I'm very anxious to see you.No, I don't think it would be just the thing for me to come up to the house.....Oh, because—you know! Yes, I'll meet you out at the Pekin. Bye, bye."

* * * *

She was a mere slip of a girl but old enough to rouge her cheeks, her chin and the tip of her pretty nose. As a matter of fact she was sixteen but worldly wise and familiar with much her own mother had not learned until she had attained the age of

thirty-five. She was alone at home. Her parents had gone out to a Mah Jongg party, the maid was having her night off, and a perfect dream of a moon was splashing the lawn with a wealth of silver. Time hung heavily on her hands. The little clock on the mantle ticked monotonously slow. She went to the 'phone.

"Central, give me one-one-four-one, please."

"Is that you, George? Watcha doing, ol' dear? Well, Dad and Mother have gone on the east side to play Mah Jonggno, sweetie, they won't be home until eleven-thirty..... What's that? You're afraid of Dad? Ha, ha—yes, I know, but they won't be home I tell you.....All right, I'll meet you at the back porch.....come through the garden and no one'll see ya. Yes, bring as much as ya can."

* * * * *

The young college student stood on the veranda and chatted with the young housewife, who had nothing to do as her maid was out with her one child, a weepy-eyed French Toy Poodle.

"Why can't I come in for awhile?" he murmured as she played with his tennis racquet.

"I don't think it would be best—but wait a minute." She went into the house, took down the receiver and called for "Main nine-five-four-two."

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Ripley, please. Oh, is that you, Willard? Your voice sounds so strange. Say, if you are coming home for lunch I wish you'd stop in at the Needle Shoppe and call for that piece of hemstitching—hemstitching, sure.....Oh, you aren't coming home for dinner? Well, when will you be home?.....Not until then? Well, never mind. I'll go over to Jane's for dinner. Bye, bye."

So the college boy spent the evening there—no, not on the veranda.

* * * * *

Some one suggested a little game of draw poker but Ferdinand declined. He said the wife at home was expecting him any minute. So someone said something about calling her on the line. And he did.

"No, I can't come home, Babe," he purred, "I'm head-over heels in work.....Yes, making out my income tax report..... Yes, may take me until midnight.....I'm sorry, too.....No, you need not wait up for me. Bye, bye." So he joined the party.

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The woman at the other end of the line waited a minute and then—

"Give me Fenwood four-four-six-one."

"That you, Adolphe? Well, if I'm not the cat's tonsils. I told you I couldn't go lobster picking with you and the gang because Arthur was coming home for a late dinner and he just called me to tell me that he is busy with some report at the office and won't be home until midnight.....Sure, I'll go. I'll meet you at nine-ten sharp. Don't forget to bring the tea, will you? Bye, bye."



Honest to jawn, folks, it isn't the serpent that enters your home—it is just a little copper wire!

What Will the Harvest Be?



Goo on her face, carmen on her lips,
Cigarette stains on her finger tips;
Dumbbell head, bell bottom pants,
Can't earn a living—but ~~he~~ she can dance!



EUGENA GILBERT
In Paramount's "The Dressmaker From Paris."



NATALIE KINGSTON
Famous dancer now appearing in Mack Sennet Comedies.



MARIE MOSQUINI

—Hal Roach Studios



MARJORI WHITE
Hal Roach Comedies

—Photo by Graves

The Tale of a Cat With Its Purrs On

A Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strayed out through the kitchen door for air,
When a Tom Cat, lean and lithe and strong,
And dirty and yellow, came along.

He sniffed at the Perfumed Persian Cat,
And she strutted about with much eclat,
And thinking a bit of time to pass,
He whispered "Kiddo, you've sure got class."

"That's fitting and proper," was her reply,
And she arched a whisker over her eye.
"I'm beribboned and sleep on a pillow of silk,
And daily they bathe me in certified milk."

"Yet we're never content with what we've got;
I try to be happy, but I am not,
I should be joyful, I should, indeed,
For I am certainly high pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat with a smile,
"And trust your new found friend for a while.
You need to escape from your suspense,
My dear, all you lack is experience."

New joys of living he then unfurled,
As he told her tales of the outside world,
Suggesting at last with a luring laugh,
A trip for two, down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before
The cat came back at the hour of four.
The look in her innocent eyes had went,
But the smile of her face was the smile of content.

And in after days when her children came,
To the Persian Kitty of pedigreed fame,
They weren't Persian at all—they were black and tan,
And she told them their Pa was a Travelling Man.

Lew Abbott—of "Wire Nails."



A Bit of Logic For June Brides and Grooms

The doctrine of affinities—We must not covet our neighbor's wife unless she couvetous.

* * * *

No, Rollo, Liberty Bonds are not necessarily divorces.

* * * *

This is the month when Cupid sets up his bargain counter and offers a peck of trouble in exchange for a pint of happiness.

* * * *

And the wedding cake is all too often a bite of sweet pastry followed by eternal indigestion.

* * * *

Wooring is but the promising prologue to a long, dull play.

* * * *

Bridal and Bridle—pronounced the same, mean, well it is kinda mean to say it, but they do.

* * * *

Marriage is the only game of chance we know where both parties may lose.

* * * *

After all Adam knew what he was getting.

* * * *

Cupid's Guide—R. G. Dun.

Remember old top, the engagement ring is the first link in the chain.

* * * *

IN COURT

Love letters are all right until they are marked "Exhibit A," "B," etc.

* * * *

This is the month when the bride is given away and the groom is sold.

* * * *

Negligee is the carefully disarrayed attire in which a woman sometimes manages to be surprised.

* * * *

Poetry is the language of love—Prose the language of housekeeping.

* * * *

When a fellow finally makes up his mind to go he has to wait for his wife to make up her face.

* * * *

Is it modesty or style that makes a girl cover her ears and show her knees?

* * * *

The way to be a real pal with your wife is to shave each other's necks.

* * * *

And the sweet little June bride that you referred to as a "lily" may weigh 220 pounds in a few years and be a regular "Tiger Lily."

* * * *

Two men may admire the same shirt and remain friends. We said shirt, not "skirt."

Widows

THERE is an old adage, old saw, or something like that, which contains a phrase about "man's inhumanity to man," but men aren't in it for downright cruelty when it comes to woman's inhumanity to woman. Men can overlook, excuse forgive and forget; they can allow their own sex to go about their daily lives no matter how attractive, or fortunate, or prosperous, without a jealous thought. But it's different with women.

The female side of the house of humanity is divided into two classes—women and widows—and the former which form the majority are lined up against the latter. They seldom give the widow a chance. If she wears "weeds" they are an advertisement; if she doesn't wear them she is heartless and wanting in affection for her husband; if she looks sad she is putting it on; if she looks pleasant or happy, she is a "relieved" widow instead of a bereaved one. If she goes out and endeavors to enjoy herself, she is getting gay, and if she stays at home she does so for a purpose. Often she cannot go because she has no one to accompany her, and if she goes alone she is out man-hunting, probably with designs upon some other woman's husband. Such are the rantings of the green-eyed monster in the minds of her own sex. She is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't—and it's damned hard sledding for a good-looking widow any way you look at it.

There is no doubt but that jealousy is at the bottom of the whole condition, for widows often score above others; they have not such a paralyzing dread of Mother Grundy or Mrs. Grimes, or what even the men may think of them as some overcircumspect spinsters have; also the rules of conventionality are less rigid for them than for the other women.

There is something peculiarly fascinating about widows, which helps to make up for the knocks they receive from their own sex. Maybe the reason for the widow's fascinating position is due to the fact that she knows all about the men, while the man who knows all about her is dead. What's more, she knows the way, and there is no bad man with a gun looking after the fellow who devotes his attentions to her—which helps some.

The widow undoubtedly appreciates the friendship of her own sex more than other women do, but knowing the slim chance she has for justice from them, she naturally looks to the stronger sex for sympathy and attention—and gets it.

Men are also slow to take up the cudgel for widows for the jealousy which applies to widows applies likewise to the men who give them attention, and the fear of falling under the ban of suspicion, causes men to be shy. Most men have a keen horror of ridicule, and were it not for this fact, the widow would have a better chance. While it is a peculiar condition that men should prefer a second-hand article, yet they realize that the widow has been "halter-broken," which is quite a consideration, for she knows how to do many things better, and understands men better than the woman who has never been married. We presume one really has to be a widow to understand what the sensation really is.

There is a sombre glory surrounding the widow, a sort of halo of attractiveness which fascinates men and surcharges the fair sex with jealousy; she is a preferred article, improved with experience—not age; she has once been "possessed" and somehow men like to reach out for something another man has "possessed."

The widow is both tempered steel and a tempted steal. She attracts and distracts, and the bug is in the minds of all other women outside the widow class to head her off, but she always has the lead and always will. Whether she enjoys or despises her position, she is in a class by herself and will have to make the best of it—and will in most cases put it over her rivals. All hail the widow! And as she approaches or passes the men will admire while the women whisper.



She: "Want to see where I was vaccinated?"

He: "I'll say I do."

She: "Well, it was in that tallest building across the street from the bath-house."



The Man from Alaska

EDITOR'S NOTE—Don't lay aside this copy of Hi-Jinks until you have read every line of this story. Every word of it is true. And we know it will go straight to your heart.

YOU have read the songs of the Yukon by the inimitable Robert Service; "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "The Cremation of Sam McGee" grip you—lines and fragments of these two poems cling in your memory although you never attempted to commit them. They "hit hard" and stay with you.

But we are going to introduce a "find" to the literary world whose writings grip just as tight as anything Robert Service ever wrote, and the strange part of it all is that the man who wrote them was a pal of Bob Service away back there in the early gold rush days when Service was a bank clerk in the frontier town of White Horse, Alaska, and the man of whom we write was a trapper.

THIS MAN WAS—

A brother of Nature, a lover of man,
He lead in the race of the "Klondyke Klan"
His songs un-penned by the camp-fire bright
Flowed from his throat in a solar flight.

He sang the wonders of the Arctic wild,
Of the golden stream, of the native child—
All over the Empire in every spot,
They sing his songs, but they know it not.

His soul, was the soul of the Silver-way,
From Ketchikan to the mid-night day—
His fame by the arctic wind is blown
Across the divide; where his name's unknown.
He sought no homage, nor famous fuss—
So we'll sign his songs—ANONYMUS.

"ANONYMOUS"—yes, that is the signature this man would use; he craves no "homage, nor famous fuss." But now that he has reluctantly consented to let us introduce him to the public, we know that his songs of nature will grip you like those of Service and the punch in them will cling to the lover of verse.

Quite by accident we met this man a few weeks ago in New York City. He was there to dispose of a six-reel picture he had produced last year in Alaska. Being a lover of the "Great Outdoors" we found in this new friend a most congenial soul. And while the brokers were bidding for his work, the opportunity came to us to view the picture at a private showing. We marveled at the genius and the nerve of the man who had dared carry a troupe of artists to the far north, make a picture with the natural scenery of Alaska and bring it back to America without asking "by your leave" of the great producers and the moving picture trust.

"The Eternal Frontier" is the title of this story filmed in Alaska. And that you may know the earnestness of this pioneer of the far North, we quote for you these lines from his pen—the poem with which his picture is introduced upon the screen:

THE LAST FRONTIER

Alaska, Empress of the North—
Girt by the Mount and Sea,
Swept clean by Arctic Trade-winds
The last Frontier shall be.

Men have subdued the East and West,
The Savage and his game,
But thanks to God, the Golden North
Mankind can never tame.

The winds, the wilds, the howling pack,
Control these lone frontiers,
And native men, will still push back
The "WHITES" ten thousand years.

Did you ever think of Alaska—Our Alaska—as this man has pictured it? Have you ever thought of Alaska as "The Eternal Frontier"—where men will ever measure their strength against mountains of ice and snow—against unharnessed, uncontrollable elements—only to lose forever to Nature?

Hi-Jinks

Well that is the way George Edward Lewis sees it—that is the way he has pictured it—that is the way he knows it—and the man does not live who knows Alaska better than he does. And this is the man—George Edward Lewis—we want you to know.

More than forty years ago—long before the gold rush—George Lewis and his brother shipped from a little village in Northern Michigan to Alaska. And in that great wilderness of the North these fearless youths blazed their own trails while they wrested a fortune from the Arctic Circle in the shape of furs.

The story of this man's life will outshine any fiction ever written. After measuring his strength against the elements and his wits against the cunning of his prey, after years of hardship in a wilderness of ice and snow, George Lewis one day found himself. At the age of twenty-seven he awoke to the fact that he could neither read nor write, but with that indomitable spirit which carried him into the unknown wastes as a lad, he tackled the far harder proposition of "learning." And that he did "learn" is easy to believe when you read the lines that fall from his pen, or watch his story of the "Eternal Frontier" as it unfolds to you the beauties, the majestic scenery, the picture he has brought from the Alaskan wilderness.

But don't think for a minute that George Lewis thinks always in words as hard as the muscles which bore his pack over the Northern wastes. There is a twinkle as well as fire in his dark eyes, and while he carries Star No. 1 in the enviable society of Alaskan Sourdough Pioneers, there's nothing "sour" about our friend. He's just a great, big, lovable man, with as keen a sense of humor and as happy a slant on life as the man who has always traveled the smooth and smiling road of happiness. And in the poems that we are going to give you from month to month, you will learn to love this man of the Great Outdoors. As George puts it:

I was a wretch in the human-house
And caused a great disaster—
They hewed me for a mud-sill
But used me for a rafter.

Next month in the July issue, you will find a happy poem about the "Kobuck Maiden" in *Hi-Jinks*. And each month thereafter you will be treated to a George Lewis story or poem. And we know that you are going to agree with us that in George Lewis we have made a real literary "find."

It might be well to remember that man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.



She ran a mile from a camel.

When money talks we notice that it keeps mum about who furnished it.

A True Confession

By Dimple-Cheeked Dorothy, the Girl Science Says Is Afflicted with Jazz Mania.

IT ALL seems like a dream. I can't realize that I killed him, but I know he is dead and beyond the hurts of indigestion now. It seems only yesterday that I went to his office to answer his advertisement for a stenographer. He seemed such a kind, lovable old gentleman. He offered me a chair and then offered me his lap. He had such wonderful bright, blue eyes. They looked like two stars. He asked me if I wanted the job and I told him I did. And I did. He seemed so kind and affectionate. He told me I could take my things off and begin at once. Oh, I wish I could call him back. But I can't. It's too late now.

That night he took me out to dinner and as we followed the head waiter to a secluded alcove in the cafe I felt as though I was walking on great bubbles of joy. Everyone looked at me enviously. He tipped the waiter a dollar. Oh, he was grand! We lingered over our coffee, listening to the exquisite music of the most wonderful jazz orchestra I have ever heard. But he wouldn't dance. He said he did not want the cafe crowd to share his great possession.

About two o'clock he called a taxi and we went to a studio he maintained in the French Quarter. Oh, how I wish he had never taken me there. But I trusted him fully. His Japanese servant took his coat and things, and then I saw the most wonderful radio set I have ever seen in my life. He asked me if I didn't want to tune in on the orchestra at the cafe and when that exquisite music drifted through the air, heavy with blue incense that burned in a great bronze Buddha, it fairly intoxicated me. He drew me to him and around and around the studio we danced while Cato, the Jap, prepared cocktails in the den. Oh, it was wonderful! It seemed good to be alive and drunk.

Before I realized it I was lying on a great tiger skin rug in the den. Cato had left. I must have been there for a long time. I felt languid, and then I would suddenly break into singing "Papa loves mama—mama loves papa" and some of those other

wonderful songs I shall never sing again. Sometimes I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness and then—

Oh, I wish I could forget that horrible moment. I felt his arms about me, his breath coming in short, passionate pants, his lips burned against my ears. Like a bolt out of a clear sky the things he was saying struck me. I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming.

"Oh, that can't be true," I sobbed, "That can't be true. Why, I have always——."

"There, there, little one," he said, his voice soothing me like an opiate, "I simply had to tell you." Then a mad fury swept my very being. I faced him, my eyes smarting as my lips went cold.

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"As Buddha is my witness, I am," he replied.

"And there isn't any Santa Claus?"

"No!" And then I killed him, and his blood ran all over that wonderful tiger skin rug.



Father's idea of a college widow

The Gland Springtime

Can you feel your sap a-starting as the Mayflowers
raise their head?

Can you taste the wine of punch and pep that tells you
you're not dead?

As you watch the flapper flap along and tossing up
her bob

Do you feel the urge of youthful zest to tackle any
job?

Are you interested in the skirts at fashion's present
height?

Do you marvel at their shapeliness and think they're
just alright?

Do you watch those cunning little toques the angle of
their perch,

As 'neath them blaze out gem-set eyes that lure you out
to search?

Do you like high heels so cutely set just midway in
the feet?

Do you spy those shapely ankles cased in hosiery so
neat?

Does a pink and cream complexion set your pulses
all astir?

And do perfumed ambrosial locks still beckon you to
her?

Do you note those hairline eyebrows shading eyes
that dazzle you

As you gaze into their azure depths that rival heaven's
blue?

Do you watch those moist pomegranate lips above
the teeth of pearl

And do you crave a nectar sip with your senses all
awhirl?

Do you fairly long and yearn to clasp that shapely
milk-white hand?

Why then, old top, it's a certain bet you need no
new Spring gland!



SALLIE LONG

In "Realization," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.



DUANE THOMPSON
Christie Comedies



NATALIE KINGSTON
Mack Sennet Star in another pose.



—Photo Edwin Bowen Hesser

MADLINE HURLOCK
Vamp in Mack Sennet Comedies

Joseph claimed he was asked to lie with Potiphar's wife; the question is did Joseph lie?

* * * *

He was an independent salesman—took orders from nobody.

* * * *

The old-time missionary-evangelist soul-saver seems to have given way to the cosmetic factory. "Save the surface and you save all," is the modern slogan.

* * * *

If all the Puritanism which is cluttering up our personal liberties is directly attributable to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock we're almost sorry that the Rock didn't land on the Pilgrims.



First Sheba: "Where's your sheik?"

Second Sheba: "He went back to his wife."

The Need of a Higher Court

It occurs to us that there is dire need of considering the proposition of a "higher court." Aeroplanes are coming fast. Edsel Ford has just organized a three million dollar corporation with the avowed intention of filling the air with flivver planes built a la Ford. What is going to happen when flivvers fill the air? How is a court going to get jurisdiction in case of speeding and reckless driving up above? For instance, imagine some reckless young blood cutting 'er wide open and cavorting down the Aurora Borealis, exceeding the speed limit by a cyclone or two and a couple of whirlwinds? By Jupiter, it looks as though nothing Mars the way! We can see clouds on the title ahead. Poor Venus has no arms to protect herself and some daredevil will take advantage of her sure and go on and leave her in the Milky Way; how in the name of Saturn would the courts get jurisdiction of the offense. The handle of the big dipper will be a natural speedway, and the first thing we know some jigger will bump the North Star out of place. And think of the mileage an ambitious sheriff will tear off in summoning the Man in the Moon for a witness? But say, there's some satisfaction in the thought that a bunch of us boys could run over to Mar's place and have a whoopala time with a cluster of stars without every old gossip in the community finding it out, eh? Further comet on the subject is not necessary.

High society has come to the point where it turns the small end of its binoculars on those who indulge in the momentarily pleasant pastime of bursting the Seventh Commandment.

* * * *

When Greek Meets Greek—we have another shine parlor.



The office boy says his girl is so modest that she felt insulted when the dentist told her she had acute pyorrhea.

Why He Was Delayed

A crowd had collected gradually outside the single telephone booth, and waited with varying degrees of patience while the man using the phone held the receiver to his ear for half an hour. He made no attempt to talk, and his expression was practically blank. Finally, one, bolder than the others, opened the glass door and inquired:

"Are you speaking to anyone?"

"Yes," the silent telephoner replied, "I'm speaking to my wife."

* * *

Prunella—"I'm very fond of you, Percy; but I do wish you were taller."

Percy—"Isn't it better to love a short man than never to have loved a tall?"

Twice Too Small

A colored woman demanded a refund on a pair of hose recently purchased. "Madam, didn't they come up to your expectations?" asked the floor walker.

"Lawdy, no!" she answered. "Dey hardly come up to my knees."

* * *

"Tommy, how far have you studied this book?" asked the teacher. "Just as far as it is dirty," replied Tommy.—*Atchinson Globe*.

That's as far as some people read modern novels.

* * *

Outline of History This Morning

Two joy-riders; two flivvers; two sheiks; two chorus girls; two quarts; two A. M.; two funerals.

Silk stockings are supposed to be injurious to the ladies' health, but we've seen many a man take a turn for the worse when a good-looking pair passed by.

The Painted Lady

ONE day, not so very long ago, an incident came under our observation which has made a lasting impress, although in itself it was trivial. We had just strolled out of a hotel lobby in one of America's fast growing cities to enjoy a morning walk and an after-breakfast cigar. It is at such times we are philosophical—our disposition is mellow and it would be an opportune time possibly for a flimflam man to unload upon us one of his best gold-bricks, or sell us half-interest in the town hall.

Just a little way down the street a town-car pulled up to the curb; a vision of loveliness stepped out; she came a few steps toward us, then waited; at first we thought she was waiting for us. After all what finer joy, next to putting salt on the tail of a bang-up idea than to see a beautiful woman just a few paces ahead, with every indication that she is waiting for you?

As we sauntered toward her, it suddenly struck us that she was looking beyond us; we glanced back and noticed a well-dressed but swagger looking foreigner, with a heavy black mustache; he might have been a banker from the Latin quarter, the tenor of an opera company or the proprietor of a shoe-shining parlor so far as we could guess. We slowed up a bit and stopped to look in a shop window; for the woman was evidently very nervous as she waited for the man to come up. The man had a nasty scowl on his face as he passed us, and as he reached the side of the beautiful woman and gruffly accosted her, we saw her shudder. Had we met the fellow on a side street and been treated to the same kind of scowl and growl, we would have unhesitatingly handed him our watch and bankroll. He gave us the shivers, too. At the same time we had some fool notion in our head that we might have a chance to protect the beautiful creature. Our chance to be a hero—long denied—had probably arrived. But just as we were surveying the big bruiser with a view to picking out the spot where a stiff punch would be apt to turn off the sunlight, we got the shock of our young life, replete as it has been with thrills.

The most beautiful lady, with a pretty pout and almost tears in her eyes, put both hands on the man's shoulders and said, "Mack, how could you? How could you? What have I done

that you should treat me so? Speak to me—tell me—were you with her last night?"

Gruffly the man held one of her wrists; we could see the pain in the woman's face; "What t'ell d'ye mean, huh, waiting for me on the street!" And he half-pulled, half-dragged her toward the car. He was a throwback to the caveman.

At the car-door they stopped a moment. "Aren't you coming with me, Mack," she pleaded? "Naw," growled the man, "I'll be over tonight." And he pushed her into the car, slammed the door, turned on his heel and hurried up the street. The woman sat in the car, watching the retreating figure of the big duffer; there were tears in her eyes; we had walked slowly along until we passed the car before she gave the chauffeur the word to go. At the corner a policeman had stopped on his rounds and watched the car move away. We approached the copper. He nodded toward the vanishing car and, evidently having noticed our interest in the pair, said "French Liz, eh?"

"Who is the lady," we ventured? "That's French Liz, she's the most notorious Madame on the drive. That guy she just talked to is 'Big Mack,' her lover, the 'big stick' on the line."

We walked slowly back to the hotel and bought a fresh cigar. And then we thought of the show we had seen the evening before. And then we commenced to enumerate the other shows we had seen in the ten days we had been in the big city. Seven shows in all, and in every last one of them a harlot or a prostitute for a heroine!

Think it over. We did.





Kitty: "What makes you think he married for money?"

Katty: "I have seen the bride."

Did you charge your wife's new Easter hat to "overhead?"

* * * *

The national anthem of Sweden is "Oh Say Can You Ski!"

Why not keep abreast of the times and next time we build a statue to a great man for one of our public parks, set him astride a fence instead of a fiery horse?

His Condition

"How old are you, little man?" kindly inquired the presiding elder.

"Old?" snarled little Zeke Yawkey, aged 4 years. "Dammittell! I'm new!"

* * * * *

The two small town sports took a fling at a first class cabaret while their wives shopped. At the finish of the dinner the waiter hovered over them like a bell hop.

"Shall I bring in a couple demitasses?" he asked.

"Hell, no," said one of the gotohellers, "our wives might come in any minute and catch us with them!"

* * * * *

The prohibition enforcement officer seized the bottle from the hand of the timid man and sneered.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" sneered the officer, "that's what they all say."

"But it is!" insisted the timid man as the officer took a swallow of the stuff.

And it was!

* * * * *

Customer to Laundryman: "Here, look at this! Is that the kind of work you do here?"

Laundryman: "I don't see anything wrong with that lace."

Customer: "Lace! Hell! That was a shirt!"

In olden times they guillotined man for telling the truth. Now they simply bring in more witnesses to prove that he lied.

Not Unusual

The village magistrate was examining the victim of a motorcar accident. "You say you didn't see his number," remarked the magistrate. "Could you swear to the man?"

"Well," said the villager, "I did; but I don't think he heard me."

* * *

Mrs. Oldtop (at cafe table with husband)—"John, who is that creature over there; she seems to know you?"

Mr. Oldtop—"My dear Lotta, for heaven's sake, don't bother me about who she is. I'm going to have enough trouble explaining to her who you are."

* * *

The Lost Mabel

(From the Binghamton Press)

LOST—Two Noe-Egul silk garments with Mabel inside. Return to branch office, 347 O'Neil Building, and receive reward.

Joys of the Great Outdoors

The man who has no acquaintance with the great open spaces has no idea how wonderful Nature is or how many insects there are.

* * *

Explained.

Coulson—"How did Harper happen to lose control of his car at the railway crossing?"

Grey—"He's the kind of a man who always drops everything when the whistle blows."



"Don't worry, dear, there are plenty of fish still in the sea."

"Yes, but this one was a goldfish."

* * *

Ingenious Pa.

Willie Potts—"What is a second-story man, mother?"

Mrs. Jack Potts — "Your father is. If I don't believe the first one he tells, he always has another ready."

* * *

Not Yet, But Soon

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in support of the theory that spirits exist, says he has heard singing of an unearthly sort. We've got a girl like that in the flat above us. She isn't a spirit yet, but she soon will be.

Would Have Missed It

Master—"Is all my luggage in the trunks, Sam?"

Sam—"Yais, suh."

Master—"Are you sure we didn't leave anything valuable behind?"

Sam—"Not a drop, suh. Not a drop."

No Freak

Father—"I saw a man with two heads on his shoulders last night."

Daughter—"In a museum, I suppose?"

Father—"No, in this house; and one was yours!"



First Movie Queen: "And how long since were you abroad, deah?"

Second Movie Queen: "Why, really, I have forgotten. I think it was three husbands ago, but I'm not sure!"

Hi-Jinks

The lambs who have been butting their heads against it during the stock slump have some idea why it is called Wall street.

* * * *

In this life God expects you to be a man—not an angel.

* * * *

In these days of canned music and “drive-it-yourself” pianos, Little Rollo’s time is being wasted in music lessons.



He—“Do you believe in signs and omens?”

She—“Yes.”

He—“Last night I dreamed you loved me. What does that mean?”

She—“That you were dreaming.”

Too Indefinite

A coon named Mose Johnson was in the witness-stand in a local court the other day, and was being questioned pointedly about certain liquor:

"I found it in the corn-field, your honor!"

"Was this on the Henderson premises?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Did you ever get anything from Henderson?"

"No, sah, never got nothin' frum him."

"From Mrs. Henderson?"

"No, suh, not frum her neither."

"From Miss Henderson?"

"Jes a minute, Jedge. Is youall still talkin' about likker?"

The New Collector

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church," asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who just returned from ovah thai-ah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I reckon he got dat job in reco-nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."

* * *

Reopening Hostilities

"Pa, how did those prehistoric monsters look?"

"I really can't remember that, sonny; ask your mother."



Ferdie: "I believe Mayme is a good girl."

Jean: "What makes you think so?"

Ferdie: "Her name came up in the barber shop last night and no one knew anything about her."

The trouble with the bloom of youth nowadays is that it is sometimes higher on one cheek than it is on the other.

According to Plan

Pat Maloney was walking along by the side of a golf course when suddenly he was struck between the shoulders by a golf ball. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. When he recovered he saw a golfer running towards him.

"Are you hurt much?" asked the player, anxiously. "Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"An' why should I get out of the way?" asked the Irishman. "I didn't know there were any assassins 'round here at all."

"But I called 'Fore!' " said the player. "And when I say 'Fore!' that is a sign for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thin, whin I say 'Foive' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. Foive!"

* * * * *

To Gratify Her Curiosity

"Don't move or I'll shoot!"

"All right, my friend," replied Mr. Dubwaite, who was surprised by a burglar in his house. "Would you mind if I called my wife downstairs?"

"Trying to spring something on me?"

"No. You see, she's been expecting a visit from a burglar for the last twenty years and I just want her to see what one looks like."

Next thing we know they'll be wanting to take tea away from the "teetotaler."

Velvet Feet

There was a young man from Cahose
Who tickled himself with his toes;
He did it so neat, he got stuck on his feet
So he nicknamed them Myrtle and Rose.

Damages and Repairs

A negro woman of mammoth proportions and inky complexion was in an automobile accident. She was taken to the hospital, where she soon regained consciousness. The doctor, seeking to comfort her a bit, said to her:

"You will undoubtedly be able to obtain some heavy damages, Mammy, and I'd advise you to get in touch with a good damage attorney."

"Ah doan want no mo' damage, Doctor, whut Ah wants is repairs!"

* * * * *

Real Praise

A wholesale hardware company had sent letter after letter to a delinquent retailer trying to collect a long overdue account.

At last their ultimatum came and he paid up with the following explanation: "Thanks for your wonderful system of collection letters. I would have paid sooner, but I wanted to get the whole series."



Who Can Answer?

"Can you tell me," asks a bold young sheik—"

(We're sorry we can't answer you, brother)

"How this girl who gets only fifty a week
Sends a hundred home to her mother?"

A Prohibition Agent's Diary

MONDAY

ARRESTED a woman today, carrying a suitcase. She objected to my searching through it, and said a lot of funny things about the rights of the people. She didn't have any liquor, but an almost empty perfume bottle smelled a whole lot like alcohol. Besides that, she admitted to me that she took a drink of wine about seven years ago. I lectured her and let her go. Guess I must be getting chicken-hearted, but she cried and told me about four little children she had at home.

TUESDAY

Had a tussle with a ten-year-old boy who was picking dandelions in front of his home. I accused him of gathering them to make wine. He denied it, of course, and said that he and his mother were going to eat them. I asked if he was a colt and his mother a horse. He got awful mad when I took the dandelions away from him. Tried to kick me in the shins, and I slapped him good and proper. Children don't obey their elders like they used to.

WEDNESDAY

Took a bottle of wine from a man today, who told a funny story about taking it to his wife, who was sick at the hospital. Said she needed it to save her life. I told him my life needed saving, too, and took it. Very good wine. Let him go, so that I can lay for him and get some more.

THURSDAY

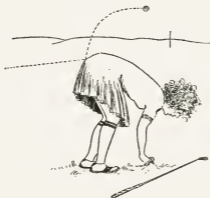
Went down to the government warehouse today where all the confiscated liquor is kept. Picked out some good old Mumm's and Hennessy, and a couple of bottles of imported champagne. Drank nearly all of it. What I couldn't drink I gave to a man in the lobby of my hotel. Then I sneaked around the corner and arrested him for violating the prohibition law. Worked pretty good; when I need an arrest after this to keep up my average, I'll work it again.

FRIDAY

Saw a man in the park today reading a book by a man named Shakespeare. Was pretty sure it had some drinking scenes in it. Took it away from him and tore it up. He objected and said it was a library book, and that he'd have me arrested. People are certainly funny. I've found that out since I started in on my great moral uplift work. He quoted some stuff from some fool thing he said was the constitution of the United States. Going over to the library tomorrow and stop some of this depravity.

SATURDAY

Went over to the library today and burned all their books on chemistry and some of their encyclopedias. The latter were especially bad. Some immoral writer had told all about the processes of making beer and whiskey. I could hardly believe my eyes, but one book showed a picture of a still. Burned some other books, too, that didn't look right to me, including a lot of copies of the constitution of the United States. Didn't make any arrests, because the jail is full, but I've had a pretty good week, anyway.



Fore—and Aft.

Gaddup There!

I kissed the dimple in her chin,
Her cheeks diffused with red;
Reprovingly she looked at me—
"Heaven's above," she said.



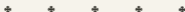
A Careful Mother

Mrs. Brown was bathing her baby when a neighbor's little girl came into the room carrying a doll. She watched the process for a few minutes and then said: "Mrs. Brown, how long have you had your baby?"

"Seven months," answered the mother.

The little girl stole another glance at her doll, which was very much the worse for wear, being minus a leg and an arm.

"My, but haven't you kept it nice!" she said with an envious sigh.

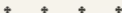


Hobson's Luck

"Look at Hobson's wife. There's devotion for you. She wouldn't go away this summer because he couldn't leave his business."

"Humph! No devotion about it. A beautiful grass widow has taken the flat across the hall from them."

Be careful of the fellow whose every thought is aged in wood.



It is all right to preach the doctrine "Begin at the bottom." But now that the beaches are open—and you are going to learn to swim—

There Was One Before Eve

STILL the golden harp! Hush the loud hosannahs! The whole scheme of things dating back to the Garden of Eden has been wrecked. It may be, after all, that Gabriel will never toot his much-vaunted horn. Gabriel is probably wearing his wings at half-mast since the nasty news leaked out. What is it, you ask? Just this—a Brooklyn professor of some sort has discovered that Adam was a veritable Brigham Young. At least Eve was not his first wife! Whaddu think of that! Well, anyway, the professor of Etymology has come through with a paper entitled "The Insect Progeny of Adam's First Wife."

There are many simple souls today who believe that when Adam and Eve were making cider in the celebrated garden, Adam was as spotless as the fig-leaf that stood between Eve and the Garden's Vice Society. Adam has ever been a he-virgin to all of us. But now comes a learned man who says Adam had a past. The first wife was named Lilith. Now that we know Adam had a past, it is not unreasonable to believe that her real name was Lily, but that Adam came home one night from the club full of wild grapes and meeting the first Mrs. Adam under a rosebush, gurgled incoherently:

"Lilith, thish is your little Adamsh. Whee! Lesh have some applejack!"

And thus she became known as Lilith.

The chronicler of Adam's pre-Eve mating says that in Germany people are much more familiar with the history of Lilith, the first wife. She is first mentioned in early Jewish literature—about 700 A. D., or about the time LaFollette commenced running for office. She had blue eyes and came from somewhere in the far North. She married Adam, but she didn't bear him any children. But Adam cannot be blamed for that. It must be remembered that the world was young and so was Adam. Later it appears that Lilith tired of the childless existence and secured what most movie actresses are scrambling for—a separation—and married a rich Phoenician by the name of Beelzebub who had been snooping around the garden, picking fig-leaves. For, as you know, Beelzebub was somewhat of a devil in his day.

Adam, it seems, had many friends who were much incensed that Lilith should flitteth away. But her course seemed justified, for she and Beezy hadn't been married very long when the little Beelzebubs commenced to arrive, and it so incensed the neighbors that they named each member of the brood "zebubs," or wasps, and the second generation with accumulated vindictiveness was hailed as "succobees," or she-devils.

Throughout all subsequent Jewish mythology constant reference is found to Lilith, "the mother of insects." If she invented some of the insects known to soldiers, for instance, no wonder Adam had to scratch so hard.

But the fact that Adam had a past is not the most stunning revelation that the Professor makes. The learned gent informs us that Eve was a coon! She had Ethiop blood in her veins. We simple folk, who have always imagined Eve a beautiful blonde with long flowing hair, flitting about the garden with her tresses dancing in the breeze, will find it hard to accustom ourselves to the fact that she played a banjo instead of a harp, that it was jazz instead of celestial refrains that rhythmèd the starry evenings in Eden, that it was a watermelon patch instead of an appletree that raised Cain and the forbidden fruit, that her hair was kinky instead of wavy and that her fig-leaf apron was fashioned from autumn leaves with all the colors of the rainbow—dear to the heart of a coon. And Cain and Abel were mulattoes.

And we gather all this from a "bug" scientist.



A fellow from Fairview spent two weeks in Chicago and was robbed twelve times. What we want to know is where he ate his other meals?

First Traveling Man: "What did they kick you out of the hotel for?"

Second Traveling Man: "We had just registered and an old friend came up, and I says, Billy, I want you to meet my wife, Mr. Beaner, Miss Smith—and the damned clerk threw us out."

* * *

Conductor: "Madame, that child can't travel on a half-fare ticket. He's dressed in long pants."

Flapper, in the seat across the aisle: "According to that I have a refund coming."

* * *

The village constable of a small town not a great distance from the Twin Cities recently received six rogues' gallery photographs, taken in different

poses, of an old offender wanted for burglary in Dayton, Ohio. Two weeks later the village cop wired the chief of police at Dayton: "Have arrested five of the men and am going after sixth tonight."

* * *

"I'm leaving Saturday. I have never seen such dirty towels in my life. There's always a rim in the bath tub, and I can never find the soap."

"Well, you have a tongue in your head, haven't you?" queried the landlady.

"Yes, but bygawd, I'm no cat!" replied the irate roomer.

* * *

The Highest Education

In Russia, a class for instructing people in the art of hurling bombs has been discovered by the police. Just a finishing school, of course.

Rumor has it that a system of identifying dogs by their nose prints is being tried in Paris. No doubt the prints will be taken from the other dogs.

Looseness and Loveliness

AND now they blame it on the corset. We thought it was due to prohibition, the war's aftermath, jazz, synthetic gin and cigarettes. But we were wrong, all wrong. It's the corset, and after you have perused this morsel of information you will join with us in saying of corset 'tis.

Frankly, we admit that a corset has never been able to attract us, stimulate us or even pique our curiosity. Of course we have admired them in the ads that run in the fashion magazines showing classy girls with no hips and long suspenders. There our interest wanes. Years ago we jabbed one of our childish fingers between the stays of a corset worn by a bulgy specimen of 1887 loveliness and the dear lady had to unloosen something to release our pinched member. And later, through one of those insane impulses that come to a young man, we masqueraded one evening as a vision of feminine beauty, and we might have got by with it were it not for the fuzz on our chest. Nothing disreputable, you understand, but rather disagreeable. We never fancied sitting on the steps and being kissed by a man in the dark, and added to this repugnance—we had put the thing on upside down and when the hipstraps tickled our chin we knew that something was wrong. Finally a friend who worked in a drug store and thus knew all about women, came to our rescue and laced us again. Then he got several bales of absorbent cotton and put a hunk on the northeast corner and another hunk on the northwest quarter, and then laced some more. From that day we knew what women suffrage meant.

But we have strayed from our subject. What we intended to do was to reprint some startling information concerning the dire effect of the corset on the home.

A lady in New York, a medical practitioner who likes to talk about eugenics with all the ardor of an old maid, went to the proposition in Philadelphia the other night. She excused all the male members of her audience and then launched into her subject. She says that many diseases are due to the way the corsets are worn and that floating kidneys is one of them. She attributes a lot of bad temper to them, i. e., to the corsets.

"You can't be a ray of smiling sunshine in your home," she says, "when your corset presses against you." From our experience that night long ago we know she is right!

"Husbands are just like big cats," she continued, "they want lots of petting and if they don't get it they will go elsewhere—and your worst enemy will be the woman who has no pressing corset." Some woman in the audience, undoubtedly suffering with repressions, asked the doctor if going without a corset did not tend to loosen morals—she promptly replied "Oh, my, NO! American women are like the Tower of Pisa. Without corsets they may lean, but they never fall."

As we have gone from one end of the country to the other we have often wondered at men. We have seen husbands with what seemed to be wonderful wives at home, and these men would be escorting some other girl or some other woman inferior in physique and intellect to all appearances, and we wondered what was the matter with the man. We used to think if we had a wife like theirs we would stick close to home, and what's more we would insist on having homely, ugly icemen and milkmen on our route. Perhaps the dear lady doctor has given the explanation. Perhaps it's due to the corset. There may be real logic in her statement, for if we wanted to pet a woman we certainly would prefer to caress her without experiencing the feeling that she was wearing a bird cage or a young chicken coop. Men of experience have told us that the greatest joy of living is to caress a woman without a corset. Maybe so, maybe so!



A Michigan man claims to have raised strawberries already this season, seven of which will fill a quart box. He's evidently banking on the fellow who makes the boxes and puts the bottom between the two pints.

Foolish Either Way

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm?" asked the hardware clerk as he wrapped up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can sell you a first class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," replied the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."



Effective Singing

The man in the corner seat was heard to groan so terribly that he frightened the other passengers, and one hastily produced a flask and told him to take a good swig at it.

Which he did.

"Do you feel better now?" asked the giver.

"I do that," said the man in the corner.

"What were you suffering from?"

"Suffering from?"

"Yes; what made you groan so?"

"Groan! Why, confound you, I was singing."

We notice that a whole lot of birds who are coming back from Europe with opinions ducked an invitation to go over in '17 and '18.

Through Hollywood's Keyhole



Commencing next month we are going to give you some rare Gossip and Scandal from Hollywood—the home of “movie stars” who move. We have arranged with our old-time friend “Milt Lory” to give us the lowdown each month on who’s doing who and what in the cinema-world, with accent on the first syllable. So don’t miss

The July Number

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